

GRINNELL'S GLOOM,

Caused by a Terrific Cyclone
Last Friday Night.A College Demolished and Many
Lives Lost.

Des Moines, June 18.—Poweshiek county was visited last evening, about 9 o'clock, by one of the most destructive cyclones in the history of the state, the loss of property aggregating millions of dollars and the loss of life probably seventy-five.

At Grinnell, a city of two or three thousand inhabitants, the loss will probably be forty lives, with seventy-five seriously wounded and a hundred or more badly bruised and scratched.

Malcomb, a village of 500 inhabitants, reports eight deaths in the suburbs, with ten or more wounded.

The story of the Grinnell terrible disaster begins with the ominous, roaring sound and the funnel shaped cloud, coming from the southwest and striking the north-west corner of the beautiful village right in among the handsome residences. Previous to touching the town it was seen leveling huge trees in its pathway. The first house it struck was that of A. A. Foster, likewise his barn, leveling both to the ground and carrying Mr. and Mrs. Foster and two children through the air a distance of thirty yards, precipitating them amidst the debris of their home. All were somewhat injured.

A FAMILY BURIED.

Just east of Foster's was a house, which was completely leveled, burying beneath it Pittman, his wife, three children, the wife's sister and her little babe. Foster took out the 3-year-old girl, Hattie, dead. The boy, aged 10, was fatally injured, and Arthur, aged 8, was slightly injured. Not far away was the residence of Mr. Lewis, where an old gentleman and lady were both killed. Charley, their son, was up to Des Moines, and thus escaped. These were the parents of Mrs. Stephen Wilson, of Des Moines.

From here the storm pursued its course in a zigzag direction directly north of the city, when, after wiping out the finest residence portion of the city, it turned toward the colleges.

The west building, or old college, was dumped into a heap of laths and plaster and broken timbers, burying beneath it eight students, who roomed therein. All were extricated, more or less injured, and one died.

EXPLOSION AND FIRE

The east college, a magnificent five-story building, was unroofed, and as the building contained the laboratory, a chemical explosion and fire followed. Nothing now remains but a portion of the stone walls. After completing its work of demolition at the colleges, the whirling fiend struck straight across the Iowa Central road and directly in its path lay loaded cars. The great Mogul engine, with its forty-five tons weight, was lifted completely off the track and the train toppled on either side at the whim of the wind, a singular thing being that nearly all fell over in the face of the hurricane. Most of the cars contained hogs, most of which were killed or subsequently drowned in the waters of the ditches.

Across the track was the fine three-story building of Prof. J. W. Chamberlain, treasurer of the college, which was gathered up in sections and dumped in disjointed positions up side down, irretrievably ruined. C. W. Hobart's elegant residence and barn are completely gone. Near by once stood the two-story house in which Miss Abbie Agard was killed. There is hardly a sign left of it. Retracing our steps past the burning college, which loomed up like a fiery monster among the acres of ruins in the vicinity, we came to the block which once contained nine houses, all elegant residences. All but one, and every barn are leveled to the ground. The hurricane took nearly everything north of President Magoun's home, leaving that comparatively uninjured.

For the Pen.

Deputy Marshal W. G. Kishlear, of Jackson county, and posse, passed through this city, last night, having in charge the following prisoners, bound for the pen:

Chas. Wilder, grand larceny, two years; Jas. Howard, larceny, five years; Albert Twomey, grand larceny, two years; Wm. M. Taylor, grand larceny, two years; Edward Melville, burglary and larceny, five years; Flora Brown, grand larceny, five years; George H. Johnson, burglary and larceny, three years; E. H. Robinson, assault with intent to kill, two years; Henry Farmer, same charge and sentence; R. W. Johnson, same charge, five years.

Marshal Kishlear said there were only fifteen more behind, in the Jackson county jail, awaiting transportation.

Facts worth Remembering.

Most eminent physicians give testimony that the best, safest and mildest remedy for all forms of blood-poisoning, whether inherited or contracted, is Acker's Blood Elixir, which gives tone and vitality to the system, throwing off all evils—removing pimples, scrofula, rheumatism, etc. Sold by Bard & Miller.

Will Recover.

John Connor, who was badly crushed by the falling wall of the gas works, which were blown down by the storm on Friday morning, will probably recover. He was seen by a reporter to-day, and was resting easily, and seems to be getting better.

The Old Folks Looking.

They were married yesterday, and there is a sort of merry twinkle in the eyes of the young people, because the old folks were out-witted.

They secured their license on Saturday last, and yesterday Scott Hooker, with a carriage, went to the residence of Newt Douglass, in the southwestern part of the city. Miss Mollie was ready and they drove hastily down to Judge Webber's residence on Fourth street and were married in short order.

It is said the old folks objected. The authority for this assertion is very good. It is too late to make trouble now, and they had better look upon the wedding as a good match and let all be happy. It is rumored that the couple have gone to Texas.

The Bazoo extends congratulations to the young bride and groom, and it trusts that their honeymoon may last always.

SWINDLING.

An Ex-Agent of the Dayton Star
Nursery Takes in a Few
Rich Hillites.

Rich Hill Gazette, June 14.

Constable Beal, acting as deputy sheriff, arrived last night from Carthage, having under arrest one Powell Jackson, who formerly was in the employ of the Dayton Star nursery, of Dayton, Ohio, and who had canvassed this section of the country in the interests of said nursery. Last fall or winter while in the employ of this nursery he secured an order from our fellow-citizen, C. H. Hallett, for 10,000 strawberry plants. He afterwards was discharged from the employ of this nursery, which fact was unknown to Mr. Hallett. Last spring he filled the order from some other nursery, the plants being entirely worthless, but purporting to come from the Dayton Star nursery, and securing thereby \$87.50 under these fraudulent and false representations.

A correspondence ensued in regard to the matter between Mr. Hallett and T. A. Marshall, general agent of the Dayton Star nursery. Last Saturday Mr. Marshall came on to investigate the matter, and after becoming acquainted with the circumstances, took Constable Beal and repaired to Carthage, where they arrested Jackson, returning last night. The defense asked a continuance, which was granted, the defense giving a \$500 bond and \$250 cash for appearance on June 26. Jackson was accompanied here by his counsel, Henry Miller, his father-in-law, and John M. Weeks, a prominent farmer near Carthage. The defense claims to be able to establish a complete defense, while the prosecution claim to have a strong case. A number of other similar cases are reported to have been brought to light by the above developments, perpetrated by the same man and under the same circumstances. The Dayton Star nursery is a responsible firm, and will unhesitatingly straighten up all crookedness that the above case may develop.

FROM GREEN RIDGE.

—The boys are preparing for the Fourth. I notice a number of strange men in town looking for a location.

—J. B. Smith will have his mill in operation soon. Many wish him a grand success.

—Mr. Hunt keeps a continual hammering in his new shop, just east of the mineral well.

—We have a gallon saloon in our town, and some of our boys get pretty full occasionally.

—Our mayor, Mr. Paten, is consuming a great quantity of raw meat, preparatory for the boat race.

—Seventeen men and teams are kept busy working on the picnic grounds, preparing for the Fourth.

—There is a new flag pole one hundred and seventy feet high, will be put up. It will be the highest in the state.

—Mr. Ireland is building an addition to his restaurant. Mr. J. B. Sinker is doing the work, assisted by Mr. Ireland.

—Twenty-seven colored people passed through town, all in one spring wagon, recently. The wagon seemed about full.

—The rag peddler who camped here Friday night had his wagon upset by the storm and his rags scattered all over town.

—A cyclone struck our town, Friday night, and did considerable damage; several barns were blown down and a great many buildings moved from their foundations.

—J. S. Reams is shipping a great quantity of mineral water, and several invalids are here trying the healing water. They all claim to be benefited. A first class bath house is being erected for the sick.

PILOT GROVE ITEMS.

—Mrs. Puckett, of Shelby, is visiting friends in the Grove, this week.

—The Pilot Grove pencil slinger being absent last week, the Bazoo had no items from this place.

—Prof. C. B. Johnson spent several days in Booneville last week, attending the close of Prof. Johnston's school.

—Prof. S. W. H. Swearingen's school closes at Mount Vernon next Tuesday. Mr. Swearingen is very successful.

—Farmers will commence harvesting this week. Wheat crop is very heavy and hands scarce. Wages \$2 per day.

—Miss Emma Gibbs, a very handsome and entertaining young lady of Versailles, visited this place last week and returned home Monday.

—The knife to be given to the given to the laziest man in town was voted to Ike Burger. Full particulars will be sent in for the Sunday morning Bazoo.

—Miss Mollie Blevan and her sister, Mrs. H. M. Ellis, of this place, returned to her home at Brownsville. Miss Mollie is a very pleasant young lady, and we regret her absence.

—There has been considerable money raised for the purpose of building a new college, and we are sure not before it is needed. The old building has always been dangerous, and especially in a storm.

—Pilot Grove has an excellent school, one second to none in Central Missouri, and one her people feel proud of, but her faithful and energetic teachers have labored under many disadvantages, having very poor buildings; but her worthy people are getting roused on the school question, and we hope will not cease until a handsome, commodious building is erected.

—A severe storm visited our quiet and thriving little town last Saturday morning, June 17th, at 2 o'clock, doing considerable damage to the college building, and unroofed the dwelling house of George M. McElroy, three miles west of Pilot Grove. It blew the bell tower down, breaking the bell and tearing the wood work to pieces, blew the chimneys of the college down, injuring the roof generally, and twisted the entire building out of shape, breaking plastering, and, in fact, making nearly a complete wreck.

—CATARRH CURED. Health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

Oscar Wilde Paralyzed by a Train
Boy.

A man who was on the same train with Oscar Wilde coming from Reno to Ogden relates an amusing experience. Wilde was lounging back in his seat, dreaming of the asphodel, etc., when the train-boy woke him up by punching him in the side and shouting:

"Hoscar Wilde's poems for 10 cents!"

The poet started up to a sitting position, with: "Great Gurod! Is it possible that my poems have reached such beastly figures as that?"

"Three for two bits," continued the boy.

He offered the poet some copies of the Seaside library edition in paper covers.

"Do you know, my dear sir, that you are lending your countenance to a hellish infringement on the right of an English author?"

"Is that so?" replied the boy slowly.

"Do you 'spose the feller that rit the book capes a d—? Why he won't know it."

"Of course he will. How can your guilty acts escape his cognizance?"

"His cognizance ain't anything to me. It ain't loaded, is it?"

"I am the author of those poems."

"Ah, go way," snickered the boy.

"You are wringing in for a commish. 'Twon't work, cully. Folks put up jobs on me every day. Here, take a waste peanut and fill up. If I thought such a looking chap as you rit them lines, d'ye suppose I'd peddle 'em? No, sir? I've too much blasted professional pride, you know. They're cheap, d'ye see? Blarst my pictures if I don't feel like I was a foot-pad every time I takes a short bit for the rubbish." The crowd roared, and Wilde joined heartily in the laugh. After the boy was assured that the man was no other than the poet, he went to Wilde and offered him a half dozen oranges to call it square.—Salt Lake Tribune.

—SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by all druggists.

A vocations in Heaven.

Just what the ransomed who are to have rooms in "my Father's house" and to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, are to do—just what vocations they are to follow—is something that mundane dwellers have been in exceeding great doubt about heretofore. But all doubts may be set at rest now, for Dr. Talmage says it is perfectly easy to know what people are going to do in the other world.

He doesn't tell us how he found it out, but then Mr. Talmage makes a great many assertions which have a like obscure authority. He says that the mathematician will work away with his spiritual slate and pencil just the same as here; and the astronomer will study the stars, but without a telescope, as he can make personal excursions from one to the other, and that this rapid transit will probably keep him busy as long as he is interested in the subject; that the painter will have a good time examining the colors of the rainbow and watching the tints of the sunset of different solar systems, while the musician will have a patent harp to play on and can get up choruses to which that of the May festival was only a bagatelle.

All this sounds pretty well, but an irreverent cuss, after expressing the conviction that Dr. Talmage doesn't know what he is talking about, asks the question: "If we are to pursue our present vocations in the other world what is the 'butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker' to do? What is the professional beggar and the dealer in ready made clothing to do? Worse than all, what is the preacher—yes, what is Dr. Talmage himself to do? His business is ostensibly to save sinners, and if he is to continue the work where will he build his tabernacle? It can't be that he intends to leave the serene bliss of heaven and go down to—well, anywhere sinners are to be found. Oh, no, we can't think of Dr. Talmage as even a temporary resident of the wrong region, even for missionary purposes, and we can scarcely think of heaven as much of a place without the doctor; but when he gets there what will he do?"

Washington Irving Whitney Flirts With Fortune.

He is 48 years old, but has the appearance of one who has gone through with long years of hard work. His family consists of a wife and four children. He bought a half of ticket No. 78,637, in the April (the 143d) Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery for one dollar. He received promptly \$15,000, and invested \$3,500 in the purchase of house No. 265 W. Jefferson street, and the rest he will invest against a future possible rainy day.—Fort Wayne Ind., Sentinel April 17.

The next drawing will occur June 13, when Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va., will scatter over half of a million dollars amongst those wise enough to invest. Any one can apply for further information to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, Louisiana.

The Broken-hearted.

Geo. D. Prentice was, perhaps, the best known as a wit, punster and political writer, but from his facile pen flows also the sentimental and the beautiful. The following description has lost none of its freshness and beauty: "About two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a young lady, and apparently about 17 years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wings of death upon her brow.

"I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautiful and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such a floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air like the creation of a pleasant dream. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me its mournful beauty was but the reflection of a tear; but her eyelids pressed heavily down as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity and gone out beneath the quiet stars and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth and poured out her heart-stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

"I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sighing of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses and then dies for very sweetness.

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever; else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are not set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the forms of human beauty are presented to the view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?"

Another Tale of Two Cities.

The following very romantic story of local interest is told by the Albany (N. Y.) Argus:

When Nellie Ostrum and Frank Belden of Pittsfield, Mass., were courting they found time to talk about the love stories in the magazines, but they did not think that before another summer they would figure in a real love story, with broken vows, scalding tears, revenge and that sort of thing peppering the romance from beginning to end. It was the young Belden's fault. The wedding day having been fixed about six months ahead, Miss Nellie went with her parents to visit relatives in Missouri. During the few weeks succeeding his sweetheart's departure Belden did his whole duty. He gave up his cigarette, and the money he was saving astonished the whole bank into which it found its way. Then, as the local paper explains, on the sunshine of his love there came a lowering cloud. In other words, Belden began to pay attention to another girl. Miss Nellie's Pittsfield friends lost no time in telling Miss Nellie all about it by post, and in post-haste, and what Belden mentioned as "a scorcher" came in the return mail. The receipt of this scorcher fanned the lover's spark of liking for the new girl into such a flame that he wrote to Miss Nellie, breaking off the engagement. That was about the time of the Mississippi flood, but whether the jilted girl wept such an inland ocean, the chronicle of the affair fails to set forth. But in due time Miss Nellie returned to Pittsfield, and to her friends it seemed that all her wedding cake was betrothal dough. Why Belden again fell head-over heels in love with Miss Nellie no one understands; but he did, begged forgiveness, sought reconciliation and all once more apparently became serene. The wedding day was fixed for last Wednesday. Along that Wednesday came, and Belden, in his broadcloth, appeared at the bride's house. Miss Nellie met the bridegroom at the door; taking him into the kitchen, where she was steaming strawberries, she said: "Fred, I am to be married next Monday, not to-day; my future husband is now on his way from Missouri." Belden falls and so does the curtain.

—SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by all druggists.

COMPROMISED.

That Class of Crimes that Private
Detectives Have to Deal
With.

"Our business is conducted quietly, and we rarely have a case that gets into the papers," said a well-known private detective yesterday when interrogated for an item.

"We handle cases for parties who would not have them in the papers for anything in the world. I had a good one the other day and would have been glad to have given it to you, but then, I couldn't."

"Why?"

"The parties here didn't want it known."

"Who were they?"

"A manufacturing firm in this city who have a branch factory in Illinois. They paid the hands there by sending the total of the payroll to the foreman who disbursed the amount. Two or three days after the last remittance to the foreman he wrote a letter to his employers stating that his desk had been forced open and the money stolen. The amount was \$1,350, and worth looking after. The firm employed me to look after the matter and I went up there. After looking around a day or two and thoroughly posting myself I arrived at the conclusion that the foreman had stolen the money himself. He was a great big, burly fellow, and looked like he could handle two or three men of my size, and I knew he would make a bluster and a blow when he heard me talk, but I determined to tackle him. I went into the office one morning just before train time and talked to him along the barrel of a revolver, holding the shooting-iron so he could look into it and satisfy himself that there was a considerable quantity of lead and powder around there. I said, 'John, where's that money?' Said he, 'I swear to God I never took it.' I knew then I had him; that he was the thief. 'If you don't turn it up before that train gets here,' said I, 'you go with me to Chicago.' He declared he knew nothing of its whereabouts and said, in a careless sort of a way, that he would go anywhere with me. 'Then put on these handcuffs,' said I, taking a pair out of my coat pocket and throwing them on the floor at his feet; 'put 'em on and we go over to the depot.' He

BROKE DOWN

At sight of the cuffs and told me where I could find the money. I made him walk ahead of me and he led the way to a drug store where he had deposited all but \$15 of the amount in the proprietor's safe. I got the money, came back and reported the matter to the firm, and they were horrified. That man had been in their service nine years, and they reposed implicit confidence in him. He knew this, you see, and it never entered his head that they would inquire into the disappearance of that money.

There are cases right here in the city that have big items in them, but we don't give them away. Take one of this kind, for instance: A man of high social and business standing is engaged in fraudulent practices, and his creditors in Philadelphia become possessed of the facts. They want him or they want their money. I am called in, and the case is placed in my hands. I meet the gentleman on Fourth and Washington avenue and stop him with the information that he is wanted at my office at once. He asks a few questions and learns the cause of this very strange invitation; gets on his dignity and says he won't go; if anybody wants him they know where his office is; and stuff of that kind. I offer him his choice. There is an officer across the street; now, you go with him to the Four Courts, where I will lodge a complaint, or you accompany me to my office. He sees publicity in one move, privacy in the other; he goes with me. The thing is compromised and the public never hear of it."

Good Intelligence.

The valuable preparations of the celebrated Dr. Acker, so favorably known throughout Europe, have lately been introduced among our people. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia tablets will be hailed with joy by all who are distressed with disorders of the stomach and liver, for which they are a sure preventive and cure. They are very pleasant, and sold in elegant boxes at twenty-five and fifty cents, by Bard & Miller.

The Match.

Our base ballists held a meeting at their club-room Monday night, and determined to accept the challenge received from the Sedalia nine. The time fixed for the game is Friday, June 30th, at 2:30 p. m. The Sedalia club will be bewailing their defeat about the time Gniteau is swung off.—Jeff City Tribune.

What Everybody Wants.

Is a reliable medicine that never does any harm and that prevents and cures disease by keeping the stomach in order, the bowels regular and the kidneys and liver active. Such a medicine is Parker's Ginger Tonic. It relieves every case, and has cured thousands. See other column.—Tribune.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low tests, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St., N. Y.

NATURAL Medicinal Water!

—AT—
Green Ridge, Mo.

A MINERAL WELL.

This valuable and wonderful water was first discovered to possess medicinal properties by the parties who used it. They made mention of their belief to others, who then used the water and thoroughly tested it. They also found the water to possess extraordinary and powerful healing qualities; and the news spread from one to another, over the country. The result was that several invalids came and used this water, and many of them found relief. Their certificates of cures are now being arranged for publication.

For the benefit of the afflicted we would say, of the following diseases some have been entirely cured and others greatly relieved: Granulated Sore Eyes, Ulcers, Diabetes, Scrofula, Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and affections of the bladder in old persons.

This startling revelation induced the owner to have the water analyzed. The following is the analysis by J. H. H. W. H. H. D. Analyst, Chemist, 629 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., also, his remarks and opinion of the same:

CARBONIC ACID.	CHLORIDE MAGNESIA.
SULPHATE MAGNESIA.	CARBONATE LIME.
IRON.	MAGNESIA.
POTASH.	IRON.
CHLORIDE SODIUM.	SILICA.
ORGANIC MATTER.	

"I find the water strongly impregnated with the Magnesia, Iron and Lime salts. I believe it will prove a valuable medicinal water."

For full particulars, address any of the undersigned:

C. W. LEABO, Practicing Physician
JAMES S. BEAM, Druggist.
E. C. HAVELY, Post-Master.
JAS. VAUGHN.
J. H. IRELAND, Village Marshal.
E. M. PHILLIPS.

GREEN RIDGE, MO.

GREEN RIDGE, MO. MAY 27, 1882.

This is to certify that I have been afflicted with indigestion and dyspepsia for some time, also, I have had a kidney trouble for about ten years. Never have been able to go to bed and rest all night, until after I began using the Green Ridge Medical Water, and since using the water, I have been able to go to bed and sleep all night, and my stomach trouble has entirely disappeared. I am able now to eat almost anything. I am 60 years of age, and cheerfully recommend the Green Ridge Medical Water to any one who may be suffering from any stomach, kidney or bladder trouble. RAPHAEL DENNY.

This is to certify that I am 75th year of age and that I have been a resident of Pettis county, Mo., for the last 28 years, and for the last 10 or 12 years I have been troubled with a kidney and bladder affection so bad, in fact, that I could scarcely get around. Furthermore, I would have to get up several times a night to relieve myself, which caused great pain. And since I have been using the Green Ridge Medical Water, I can urinate without pain or difficulty and now I rest well of nights without disturbance. I was also troubled with Habitual Constipation and was compelled to take medicine every few days for ten years, until after I began using the water, and my bowels have been regular ever since I have been using the water. I cheerfully recommend the Green Ridge Medical Water to any one who may be suffering from any stomach, kidney or bladder trouble. BENJAMIN MELVIN.

This is to certify that for the last two years, previous to my coming here, I was afflicted with a bad case of kidney and bladder difficulty, during this time I was attended by different doctors, and received no permanent relief. I have been using the water from the Mount Vernon Well at Green Ridge about two months, and can say I have received more benefit from the use of the water than all the medicine I have taken. I am now able to do ordinary work and I attribute it to the Green Ridge Medical Water entirely. FRANK S. MORGAN.

This is to certify that I have been confined to my bed for several months with dyspepsia, and have been attended by the best Medical skill the country affords without deriving any benefit from their need line, and upon hearing of the name of the Green Ridge Medical Water, I was persuaded to try it. Although I had lost all faith in ever being benefited I reluctantly consented to give it a trial. I noticed a decided improvement in my condition after using the water 16 or 12 days, and now I am fully satisfied the water will entirely cure me, as the swelling is fast disappearing. My appetite is improving, and I am gaining strength fast, and am now able to walk around over the farm. I have no hesitancy in saying this water saved my life. DAVID S. MOWERY.

This is to certify that I have been a sufferer of indigestion, habitual constipation and torpidity of the liver for three or four years, so bad, in fact, that I was compelled to take medicine every day or so, and since I have commenced the use of the Green Ridge Medical Water, I have been able to do a single dose of medicine, and am greatly benefited by the use of this water. I would most cheerfully recommend the Green Ridge Medical Water to those suffering from the above diseases. ANDREW HARECKER, Late of Washington, Ill's.

This is to certify that my daughter, Ora, had been afflicted with an ulcerous sore head for a period of six years, caused by a fall when a child just able to walk. By advice we have used the water of the medicinal well at Green Ridge, Mo., and after ten days trial using it, both internal and externally, I feel justified in saying that the result has been most satisfactory. The ulcers have almost entirely disappeared and my daughter is now in a great way of recovery, and cheerfully recommends